

# Good Morning 430

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Mother makes a bargain with you O.S. Dennis Haigh

Wherever Ordinary Seaman Dennis Haigh happens to be his pals had better keep an eye on him, otherwise he might be dismantling the periscope to see how it works, or carrying out strange experiment with the radio.

Anything in the nature of an experiment is meat and drink to Dennis, or so his mother told us at 9, Throstle-drive, Middleton, near Leeds. He has built his own photographic enlarger, had the radiogram in pieces, fixed extension speakers in the most unusual places, and before the war used to work in an experimental laboratory.

Incidentally, his girl friend, Mary, thinks he must be experimenting with envelopes at the moment, she's sent him so many lately, and still he keeps asking for more.

Mother says she feels better now than she's felt for the last few years. Dad is a full-time A.R.P. Warden at Quarry Hill Flats, Leeds, and Irene, still full of life, is sending you a photo she had taken recently.

The family and Mary send their love. Mother is looking after your camera and enlarger for you, and wants you to look after yourself for her—that's a bargain!

## News from the North

By John Bedford

It seems to me that you Servicemen may be all right in uniform when it comes to getting killed, but at any other time . . . well, perhaps you ought to be considered in a different light.

The craziest argument I have ever heard reached me the other day when lunching in Leeds. It seems that the villagers of Kettlewell, North Yorkshire beauty spot famed to all Youth Hostellers, decided to instal a window in the Parish Church in memory of the lads who had given their all for their country and their fellow men.

The window was unveiled a few weeks ago, and now the local religious fanatics are up in arms, because, they say, the

figures in the glass are uniformed. They think that this display of militarism is un-Christian. I know what I think, and I'm sure you would feel even more strongly than I do at such idiocy.

The old men of Sunderland are happy at last. For some reason or other, the veteran Wearsiders are mad on draughts. . . . I mean the sort that you play, not the sort that have a disconcerting knock of wandering round door frames.

The oldsters were presented with a ship's cabin by a ship-breaking firm, and they enjoyed many a happy hour during the winter months with their favourite pastime.

Now the Sunderland Parks Committee has presented them with a giant open-air draughtboard, right in the heart of the Dell, prettiest part of Roker Park. The board is three yards square, and the draughtsmen are nearly a foot in diameter.

The retired shipyard workers now draw up their chairs in the summer sunshine, and play away to their heart's content. And, as the bandstand is just behind them, they get music while they work as well.

The South Yorkshire collier is at it again. I've told you

# "PULLING YOUR LEG" HERE MEANT MURDER

(Stuart Martin Explains)

GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH committed murder in a most original way. Yet he was caught and hanged.

There was no precedent in any works of forensic medicine of his methods. Even Sir Bernard Spilsbury, with all his expert knowledge of how murdered people died, admitted that he dared not say the death for which Smith was convicted was impossible of being classed as an accident.

For Smith forgot one important fact. If he could kill women without a mark to show they had died by violence, so could experiments be made by his pursuers.

Violence, indeed, is not the right word to use about his methods. He did it gently.

But the most important fact that Smith forgot was an obvious one. It was the simple, every-day routine that "people read the newspapers."

HE has been called a "monster of human depravity." The phrase leaves something to be desired. You can fill it in when you have read this case, for I am able to give some inside information.

Smith's method was remarkable. He "married" eight women, mostly bigamously, got them to make their wills in his favour or insured their lives. His method was to drown them in baths. This fate befell at least three of his "wives," but he was hanged because of one only.

How did he manage to attract these women? Marshall Hall, his counsel at his trial in June, 1915, at the Old Bailey, believed that Smith "hypnotised" his victims. One of the women who escaped death in a bath declared that Smith had a power in his eyes. "They were little eyes," she said, "and they seemed to rob you of your will."

He met the women in various places, sometimes by casual meetings in the street, sometimes at places of worship where he went, not to pray, but to prey.

Bessie Mundy was the girl for whom he hanged. He met her at Weymouth in August, 1910, became engaged to her after a few days, and "married" her on August 22nd.

He then had four "wives" living. He had already married in 1898 Beatrice Thornhill at Leicester, a Miss X in 1899 in London, Edith Pegler in 1908 at Bristol, and in 1909 a girl in Southampton.

As might be expected, not a single particular which he gave in his notice of marriage with Bessie Mundy was true.

He worked swiftly. On his wedding day he instructed a solicitor to write to the Mundy

before (in case you didn't know) just what bright lads they were. Well, because transport is so darned difficult these days, they have decided to forgo their annual trip to the Leger, and have a spot of Staying At Home.

Mind you, this doesn't mean that they are doing without their annual dollop of racing. Oh, no. There will be bookies, punters, nags, and even an amateur Prince Monolulu to remind them that "Ah got a nose."

Did you say where and when? Punter's Mecca during Bank Holiday Week will be the Frickley Colliery Football Ground. The Frickley miners are organising a Pitmen's Leger this year, and all roads will lead to South Elmsall on the Collier's D-Day.

The lads from Elmsall, South Kirkby, Hemsworth, Fitzwilliam, Kinsley, Grime-thorpe, Brierley, Shafton and Great Houghton will be there in force, giving an extra cheer for blokes like you who will have to wait until next year to see the fun.

I was talking to genial Vince Barlow, Frickley Colliery F.C. manager, about the Pitmen's Leger the other day. He told me "We are hoping to raise nearly a thousand quid for the Warde-Aldam Hospital this year." Sounds a worthy cause, doesn't it? The pitmen themselves will

He and Bessie then went to live at Herne Bay, she happy in getting back her husband. He took a house there at a yearly rental of £18, because he could not get it on a monthly tenancy.

One of the first things he now did was to consult counsel as to how he might take over his wife's property. Counsel told him that the only way was to get Bessie to make a will in his favour. And that advice, correct and accurate, was (unconsciously on the part of the lawyer) Bessie Mundy's death warrant.

On July 2nd Smith got that advice. On July 8th mutual wills were made out by both Bessie and Smith, each leaving the other all. (He was safe, for he had nothing to leave.) On July 9th Smith went to an ironmonger's shop and ordered a bath, as there was no bath in the house. The price of that bath was £1 17s. 6d. Baths were cheap in those days.

On July 10th Smith told a local doctor that Bessie had had a fit. The doctor visited Bessie and prescribed a general sedative. Thus Smith had a "witness."

On July 13th the doctor received a message that Bessie was dead—in the bath. He



This is the Bath, now in "Tussauds"

went to the house at once, and found Bessie on her back, her head under water, but her body not yet cold. All attempts to revive her were unavailing.

Smith sent a telegram to Bessie's family saying, "Bessie died in a fit this morning, letter following." The letter following said, "Words cannot describe the shock I suffered."

On July 15th the bath was returned to the ironmonger. It had not been paid for.

The inquest on Bessie recorded that she died because she had had a "seizure, causing her to fall back into the water of the bath and be drowned."

Smith buried her in a common grave. He obtained all her property.

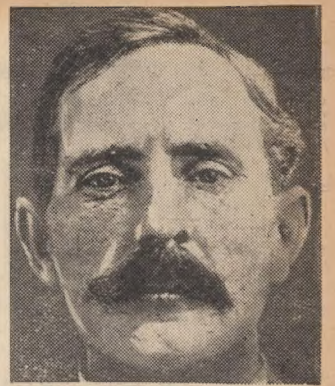
Then he went back to Edith Pegler for a time. On November 4th, 1913, he "married" Alice Burnham. An insurance policy was taken out on December 4th. On December 12th Alice was "found drowned" in her bath at Blackpool. Again Smith buried his "wife" in a common grave, and got the insurance money.

In September, 1914, he "married" Alice Reavill. Four days later he abandoned her and absconded—fortunately for her.

On December 17th, 1914, he "married" Margaret Lofty at Bath. He brought her to London, to Highgate, and next day she was "found drowned" in her bath. Two weeks or so later Smith visited a solicitor, produced his wedding certificate, a will, and a policy for insurance. He got everything put through legally.

And then the snag hit him. A relative of Bessie Mundy happened to scan the newspapers, saw the record of the bath tragedy, grew suspicious, talked to the police. The police acted, after making inquiries.

On March 13th, 1915, Smith was charged with the murder



of Bessie Mundy, Alice Burnham and Margaret Lofty. True bills were returned at the Old Bailey in respect of Margaret Lofty, at Lancaster Assizes in respect of Alice Burnham, and at Maidstone in respect of Bessie Mundy.

But legal arguments arose. Smith was to be tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of Bessie Mundy. Could, then, the other two cases be cited?

You see, the English law is remarkable. It is a principle that when a prisoner is charged he shall not be "embarrassed" in his defence by allegation of other offences, whether he has been convicted of them or not. The idea is to isolate a charge of everything except its own immediate set of facts.

But Mr. Justice Scrutton, quoting legal precedent, ruled that the circumstances of the deaths of the other two women could be mentioned by the prosecution in order to suggest that there was a "system," to see whether the deaths were sufficiently similar to infer that death was almost impossible of being "accidental three times running."

But the jury must not consider such happenings or give a formal verdict that Smith killed Alice Burnham and Margaret Lofty. The charge in the indictment did not concern these two.

I mention this nice point because I have it on the authority of one counsel for the prosecution that without this admission of the circumstances of these two other deaths it would have been difficult for the jury to convict.

But the jury did convict in the case of Bessie Mundy. The Judge, in passing the death sentence, said these terrible words to Smith:

"Judges sometimes use this occasion to warn the public against the repetition of such crimes; they sometimes use such occasions to exhort the prisoner to repentance. I propose to take neither of these courses. I do not believe there is another man in England who needs to be warned against the commission of such a crime, and I think that exhortation to repentance would be wasted on you."

But how were these murders committed? I can tell you of the experiment that was carried out by one of the detectives who arrested Smith.

This detective persuaded a young lady friend, who was a practised swimmer, to sit in a bath filled with water to the same height as the Herne Bay bath. She knew that he was about to try an experiment. She was accustomed to having her head under water. She was safe from "accidents."

Yet in spite of that . . .

"From the ankles," said this detective, "I lifted her legs suddenly. She slipped under easily; yet to me, who was watching her closely, she seemed to make no movement. . . . I gripped her arm; it was limp. With a shout I tugged at her armpit, and raised her head above water. It fell over to one side. She was unconscious. For nearly half an hour my detectives and I worked with artificial restoratives. . . ."

The swimmer herself explained later that immediately her legs were raised she fell back, the water rushed into her mouth and nostrils, she lost consciousness.

And that was how Smith did it!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## STRANGE WORLD

Highest-paid of soldiers in the British Army were Cromwell's Ironsides, who received a sum equal to-day to 56s. a week.

In tribute to their late husbands, widows in the Andaman Islands carry about with them the skulls of their "late departed," usually hung round their necks.

The Countess of Desmond died in 1732, at the age of 140, as a result of falling from an apple tree she had climbed to gather fruit.



# Doubling Cape Horn

At eight o'clock all hands were called aft and the watches set for the voyage. Some changes were made, but I was glad to find myself still in the larboard watch.

Our crew was somewhat diminished, and we were short-handed for a voyage round Cape Horn in the dead of winter.

Beside S—and myself there were only five in the fore-castle, who, together with four boys in the steerage, the sailmaker, carpenter, etc., composed the whole crew.

In addition to this, we were only three or four days out, when the sailmaker, who was the oldest and best seaman on board, was taken with the palsy, and was useless for the rest of the voyage.

By the loss of the sailmaker our watch was reduced to five, of whom two were boys, who never steered but in fine weather, so that the other two and myself had to stand at the wheel four hours apiece out of every twenty-four; and the other watch had only four helmsmen.

By Sunday, June 5th, we had made twelve hundred miles in seven days, very nearly on a taut bowline. Our good ship had increased her rate of sailing more than one-third since leaving San Diego.

The crew ceased complaining of her, and the officers hove the log every two hours with evident satisfaction. This was glorious sailing.

Already we had sunk the north star and the Great Bear in the northern horizon, and all hands looked out sharp to the southward for the Magellan Clouds, which, each succeeding night, we expected to make. "The next time we see the north star," said one, "we shall be standing to the northward, the other side of the Horn."

In our first attempt to double

## TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—By R. H. DANA—Part 19

the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward; but, in running for the Straits of Magellan, we stood so far to the eastward, that we made our second attempt at a distance of not more than four or five hundred miles.

the water as though glad to be out of her confinement.

The ice islands lay scattered upon the ocean here and there, of various sizes and shapes, reflecting the bright rays of the sun, and drifting slowly northward before the gale.

It was a contrast to much that

slipped through his fingers, and had come down upon us with tenfold fury.

We had less snow and hail than when we were farther to the westward; but we had an abundance of what is worse to a sailor in cold weather—drenching rain.

Snow is blinding, and very bad when coming upon a coast, but for genuine discomfort give me rain with freezing weather. A snow-storm is exciting, and it does not wet through the clothes (which is important to a sailor), but a constant rain there is no escaping from.

On deck all was as dark as pitch, and either a dead calm with the rain pouring steadily down, or more generally a violent gale dead ahead, with rain pelting horizontally, and occasional variations of hail and sleet; and constantly wet feet—for boots could not be wrung out like drawers, and no composition could stand the constant soaking.

I commenced a deliberate system of time-killing, which united some profit with a cheering up of the heavy hours.

As soon as I came on deck, and took my place and regular walk, I began with repeating over to myself a string of matters which I had in my memory, in regular order.

In this way, with an occasional break by relieving the wheel, heaving the log, and going to the scuttle-butt for a drink of water, the longest watch was passed away; and I was so regular in my silent recitations, that if there was no interruption by ship's duty, I could tell very nearly the number of bells by my progress.

After about eight days of constant easterly gales, the wind hauled occasionally a little to the southward, and blew hard, which, as we were well to the southward, allowed us to brace in a little and stand on, under all the sail we could carry.

One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck, with the mainsail hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set, if necessary.

It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship. The mainsail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder when the captain came on deck and ordered it to be furled.

Accordingly we went upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of work.

Our watch had been so reduced by sickness, that, with one man at the wheel, we had only the third mate and three beside myself to go aloft; so that, at most, we could only attempt to furl one yard-arm at a time.

Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it. Frequently we were obliged to leave off altogether, and take to beating our hands upon the sail, to keep them from freezing.

We got all secure at last; but we had been nearly an hour and a half upon the yard, and it seemed an age. We were glad enough to get on deck, and still more to go below.

On Friday, July 22nd, we had a steady gale from the southward, and stood on under close sail, with the yards eased a little by the weather braces, the clouds lifting a little, and showing signs of breaking away.

In the afternoon I was below with the third mate, and two others, filling the bread-locker in the steerage from the casks, when a bright gleam of sunshine broke out and shone down the companion-way and through the skylight, lighting up everything below, and sending a warm glow through the heart of every one.

It was a sight we had not seen for weeks. Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence.

Just at that moment we heard a loud shout from all parts of the deck, and the mate called out down the companion-way to the captain, who was sitting in the cabin. What he said we could not distinguish; but the captain kicked over his chair, and was on deck at one jump.

Seeing the steward's black face peering out of the pantry, Mr. H—— hailed him, to know what

was the matter. "Lan' o, to be sure, sir! De cap'em say 'im Cape Horn!'"

This gave us a new start, and we were soon through our work, and on deck; and there lay the land, fair upon the larboard beam, and slowly edging away upon the quarter.

The land was the island of Staten Land, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate-looking spot I never wish to set eyes upon.

Yet, dismal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us; not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us that we had passed the Cape, were in the Atlantic, and that, with twenty-four hours of this breeze, might bid defiance to the Southern Ocean.

(To be continued.)



**BEES CARRY IDENTITY DISCS ON THEIR BACKS.** Painting targets on bees is the work of two laboratory girls in the Bee Dept. at Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, Herts, where agricultural research work is done. Various bright colours are used, and after the treatment the bees are dried in a glass container and returned to the hives. Information of the work they do at various ages can be obtained by their identity colours.

We had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice; thinking that the easterly gales, which had prevailed for a long time, would have driven it to the westward.

With the wind about two points free, we made great way towards the southward; and, almost every watch, when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sea to run higher.

Still we saw no ice, and had great hopes of going clear of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice.

We sprang out of our berths and hurried upon deck. The loud, sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost.

The helm was hard up, the after yards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing. Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced rigging, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard.

The ship wore round fairly, the yards were steadied, and we stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the mist, and reaching high above our tops, while astern, and on either side of the island, large tracts of field-ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea.

With a fair wind we soon ran clear of the field-ice, and by noon had only the stray islands floating far and near upon the ocean.

The sun was out bright, the sea of a deep blue, fringed with the white foam of the waves, which ran high before a strong south-wester; our solitary ship tore on through

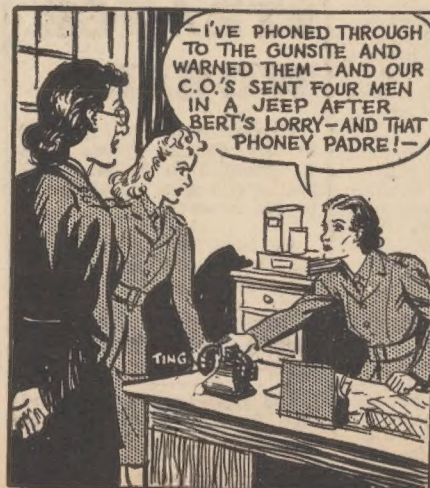
we had lately seen, and a spectacle not only of beauty, but of life.

Having a fine wind, we were soon up with and passed the latitude of the Cape; and having stood far enough to the southward to give it a wide berth, we began to stand to the eastward, with a good prospect of being round, and steering to the northward on the other side in a very few days.

But not four hours had we been standing on in this course before it fell dead calm; and in an hour more we lay hove-to under a close-reefed main topsail, drifting bodily off to leeward before the fiercest storm that we had yet felt, blowing dead ahead from the eastward.

It seemed as though the geni of the place had been roused at finding that we had nearly

## JANE



## USELESS EUSTACE



"It is rather dangerous work, I'll admit, sir; but there, anything to take my mind off the war!"

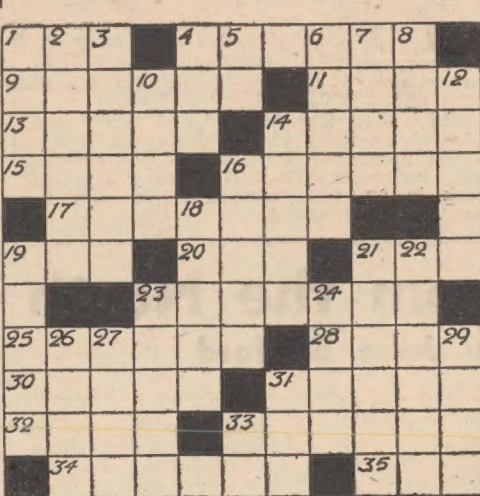
## WANGLING WORDS—369

1. Put unprepared in CAAY and make a seed.
2. In the following first line of a well-known song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Dre O soer ym a keil der sevil.
3. Mix unpunctual, add B, and get a piece of furniture.
4. Find the two hidden British ports in: I backed Mirabel, fastest horse in the race, but he tripped over at the start.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 368

1. Gratifying.
2. Put your arms around me, Honey.
3. RACE-S.
4. D-at-e, F-I-g.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Farm animal.
- 4 Abscond.
- 9 Source.
- 11 Complied with.
- 13 Lowest deck.
- 14 Free.
- 15 Distance.
- 16 Male bird.
- 17 Clothing.
- 19 Fetch.
- 20 Punctious one.
- 21 Beam.
- 23 Furnace tenders.
- 25 Support.
- 28 Roe.
- 30 Threshing implement.
- 31 Peer.
- 32 Warm garments.
- 33 Kinds.
- 34 Orderliness.
- 35 Stock phrase.

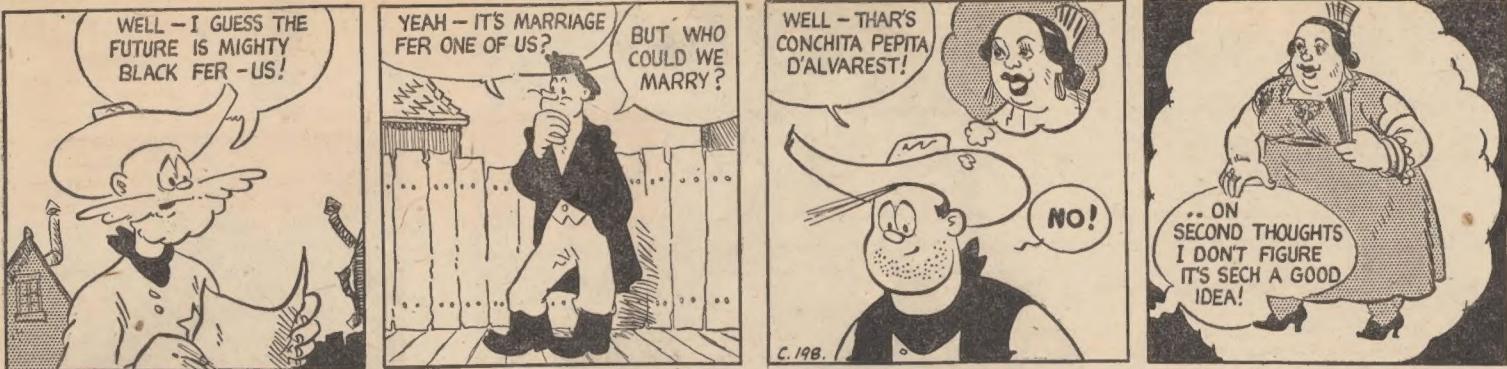
### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Space.
- 2 Come.
- 3 Cereal.
- 4 Candle.
- 5 Printer's measure.
- 6 Make amends.
- 7 Frame of mind.
- 8 Strike attitude.
- 10 Proceeds.
- 12 Irish county.
- 14 Extensive.
- 16 Defend.
- 18 Fabric.
- 19 Rough-mannered.
- 21 Rue.
- 22 Sort of goat.
- 23 Palm off.
- 24 Ignoble.
- 26 Fruit.
- 27 Rodent.
- 29 Ragged projection.
- 31 Garden plot.
- 33 Animation.

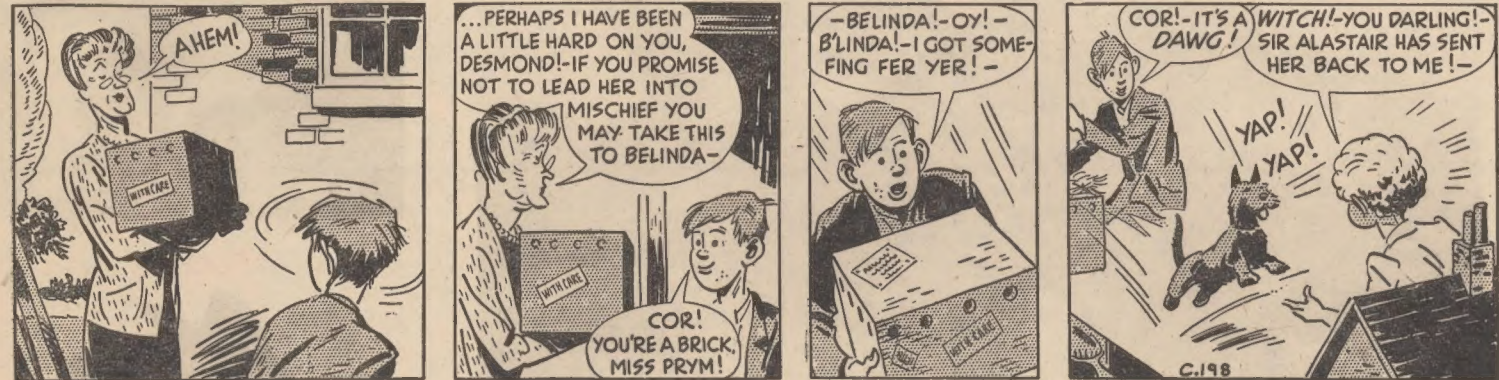
PROPORTIONS  
LINED UNFIT  
AS ADORN NE  
NEW SUN BOA  
TRIP T POND  
PITCHER F  
GLEE R PICA  
RID SOW COS  
AM PUPAE AT  
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E STEEPEN Y



### BELZEBUB JONES



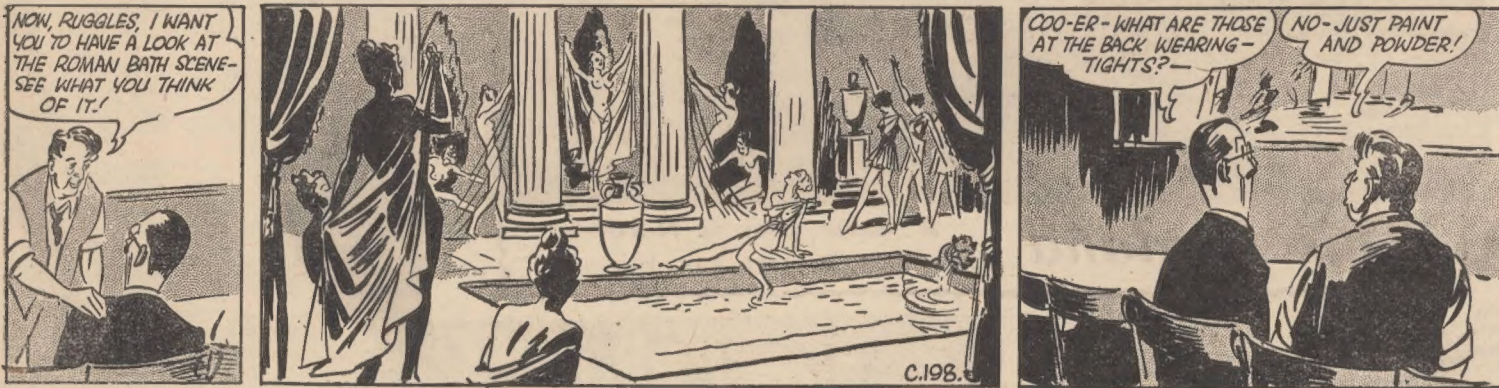
### BELINDA



### POPEYE



### RUGGLES



### GARTH



### JUST JAKE



## Accuracy first in Films

By DICK GORDON

SOMEWHERE in every audience sits the expert, ready to pick out the inaccuracies. The war has increased the number of these with special knowledge by millions.

Every time a picture of the Army appears on the screen there are a million critical eyes ready to pick out the slightest mistake; a million Air Force men watch for the least technical error; a million sailors get on their land legs to tell the cinema manager where the film-makers have gone wrong.

Hollywood is six thousand miles away from the war in Europe, and it is not always easy to ensure up-to-the-minute accuracy in every detail. But as many precautions as possible are taken to make the films technically true.

Warner Bros. provide an interesting example of the accurate and the inaccurate in two films now in this country.

"Destination Tokyo" deals with the war in the Pacific and the adventures of the U.S. Submarine "Copperfin," commanded by Cary Grant.

The expert, familiar with the interior of submarines, will find every detail true to experience, although the equipment and operating apparatus are a conglomeration, so as not to give information to the enemy.

During the making of the picture the sets were closed to all visitors; the overseas scenes could not be shown to any but those working on the picture until the Navy Dept., who had a liaison officer present, said O.K.; the script had an official "Confidential" limited circulation.

Thus accuracy was assured, and many people in Britain, who are surprised at the size of the interior of a submarine to-day, can be assured that what they see on the screen is correct.

Air-minded film fans will have to accept a lesser standard of accuracy in the opening scenes of "Passage to Marseilles," starring Humphrey Bogart, for this shows a Fighting French bomber squadron operating with the R.A.F. and Flying Fortresses! The producers were quite aware of the fact that there was no heavy bomber squadron among the Free French in the R.A.F., that the R.A.F. is not equipped with Fortresses, and that in any case Forts are not night bombers. But there was no alternative to putting them in the film, for Lancasters were not available in Hollywood.

In any case, who can tell how much intelligent anticipation Warners were applying in making these scenes? The R.A.F. have announced recently that Free French crews have now been formed to man the first F.F. heavy bomber squadron in the R.A.F., and have begun operations with Bomber Command.

And M.G.M. are taking similar precautions. A tribute to this studio's unceasing efforts is the recent appointment of Charles Lapworth to their international department in Hollywood.

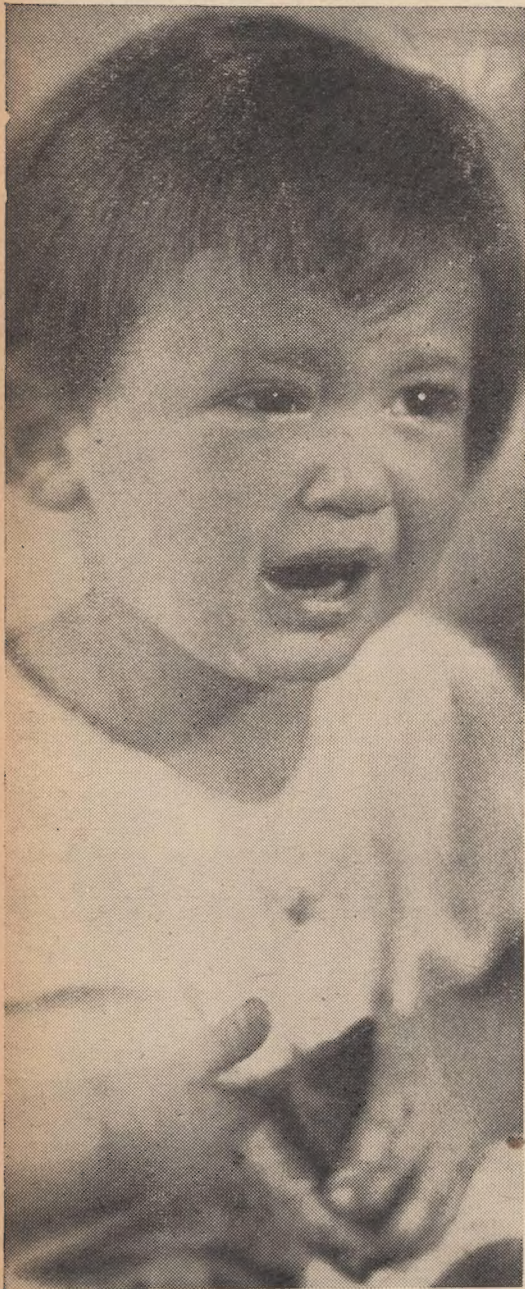
Charlie Lapworth is well and happily remembered by countless newspaper and film people in this country. After many years of journalistic work, during which he edited the London "Daily Herald" in 1912-13, was a prominent contributor to the "New Age," travelled the Continent and U.S.A., where he was editor and publisher of the "Los Angeles Graphic"; he became personal representative for Charles Chaplin and head of the California War Information Bureau during the last war. On returning to Great Britain he was prominently connected with Goldwyn Films in 1922; Gainsborough Pictures in 1925-26; and later with Whitehall Films and other companies.

His long experience both of journalism and the screen should make him a valuable aide.





**Good Morning** BOO-HOO!



"No ices, no chocolates, life ain't worth living."



*This England*

A water pool at Northam' near Potters Bar, Herts.



A Domestic Goose. Obviously a home bird, so to speak.



HAT TRICKERY

★  
Wendee Woo prize Peke from Luton. No wonder she wears a Luton straw.  
★



Paramount's shapely and attractive star, Mary Martin.

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"I never knew a 'heel' could be so lovely."

